

## The Evening World

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## THE LITTLE PHILOSOPHIES OF LIFE.

## XI.—The Springtime's Lesson.

If a philosopher is in need of a text he can always find one in the sayings of Solomon. "The budding time of the year" appealed to the wisest man, with its beauty and its hope, as it appeals to all Nature-lovers to-day. And in his Song he said:

For lo! the winter is past, the rain is over and gone; the flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in the land.

The yearly miracle of a "new-created world" repeats itself in the tender greens of the leafing trees, the fresh beauty of the early blossoms and in all the familiar sights and sounds of the Resurrection of Nature from the death-sleep of winter.

The lesson of the springtime is life—life renewed, life for labor and for love, life as a growth and immortality as a "great hope."

If life be only a game, as some say, it is at least worth playing well. Too many play it very like the whist player who is forever fretting about his cards and berating the dealer. The true philosophy is to recognize the providence or the fatality of the "cut," play your best, and wait for a new deal.

So in life. The man who has learned to take things as they come and to let go as they depart has mastered one of the arts of cheerful and contented living. The fatality of chasing after happiness and the fatality of clinging to sorrow are often illustrated in the same individual.

A good share of the disappointments in life come from trying to fly kites after the string has broken, or from looking for gold only in the pot at the base of the rainbow.

Vision that takes in the far-off and the high-up is a compensation for many lacks, but the gift of seeing what is near and utilizing that which is within reach is more valuable for every-day use.

A great many persons are sighing—or think they are—for the unrecaptured opportunities of eternity, who don't know the value of an hour. The boon of a new chance in the next world is craved most often by those who have thrown away their chances in the world that now is.

Wherein does To-Morrow differ from a span of Eternity? Cannot the pious soul begin "glorifying God" without waiting for a golden harp? How is his poor neighbor's coalbin or his sewing-woman's flour barrel?

The unreasonableness of human expectations is only equalled by the neglect of human opportunities.

It has always seemed to us that the springtime, with its "fresh start" for everything out-of-doors, is a more natural period than the cold and glacial 1st of January for "turning a new leaf." Will not recollections be as instructive and good resolutions find a more fruitful soil under the vivifying sun of a glorious May Day?

Memory is a mentor whenever we give it a chance. If we can make our memories what we would have them, upon honest retrospect, we will go far toward making our characters what they should be. A man cannot tell what may happen to him, but he can say what he will do, God helping him, in the events and circumstances that have to do with his real life. It is not what comes to us, but how it is met, that tells in the formation of character.

And what is true of character is true of happiness and sorrow and all the experiences that go to make up the sum of life. We may be responsible for the condition in which events find us; we are accountable for the state in which they leave us. One of the chief uses of retrospect and reflection, therefore, is to enable us to take our bearings and to correct our course wherein it has been wrong.

If we have been puffed up by prosperity it is time to come down. Not everything that succeeds is success. All depends upon the appraiser and the standards.

If we have been rendered morose and bitter by disappointment or loss we should seek a new mood. "If you wish to make your lives as miserable as lives can be," said a keen observer, "I can tell you in a single phrase how to do it: Quarrel with Providence."

If we have not been growing more cheerful, patient, generous and just since the last springtime, there is a reason for it. It may be in the soul or it may be in the stomach, but it should be sought out and removed. If we have permitted the fret and worry of life to gain the mastery over us it is time for a battle. No man has the moral right to abdicate his own self-sovereignty in favor of any sort of devil—especially these hateful little imps.

If we cannot or do not wish to be religious let us at least be philosophical. The men called "pagan," who lived 2,000 years ago, followed a better course of life than many are pursuing to-day. They did not make a god of money, nor a taskmaster of business, nor an enemy of pleasure. Uncertain of immortality, they treated their minds and bodies better than many men to-day treat their souls. Finding themselves on this earth, possessed of noble powers and faculties, they made noble use of them by LIVING TO PURPOSE.

"Practice yourself, for heaven's sake, in little things; and thence proceed to greater," said Epictetus. And again: "First say to yourself what you would be; and then do what you have to do."

Can our springtime lesson have a better ending than in the wisdom of this pagan philosopher, born a slave and banished from Rome because uncommon sense was held to be dangerous to the rule of tyranny and luxury? From the philosophy of little things to the true philosophy of life is but a step.

## Said on the Side.

SUGGESTED by the approach of "moving day" that the old idea that it cheaper to move than pay rent is less general than it was, with van charges what they are and the "month off" inducement no longer offered. Belief also that the temptations of tiled bathrooms and cabinet trim are less potent to lure tenants to new houses than was the case before data gained their present uniformity of modern features and improved finish. Tenant who stays where he is now receives a rating with his landlord and a preference in the matter of exemption from increased rentals which compensates him for the less tangible advantages of pulling up stakes and tends to restrain his gypsy-like changes of abode.

London heiress weds father's auto driver. Invasion by the chauffeur of a field long monopolized by the family coachman is an interesting consequence of automobile evolution.

Newspaper popular vote on favorite musical compositions puts the "Cavalleria" intermezzo first, "Dixie" seventh and the "Last Rose of Summer" fifteenth. And neither "Hiawatha" nor "Bedella" in the running!

She was a vegetarian—  
A coy but stubborn thing—  
She said she'd wear no other than  
An eighteen-carat ring.  
—Chicago Tribune.

Not much sympathy for the Senecott-speaking former who is charged with vagrancy. Librarian's talent of that order should have made a number one astrologer of him or an apostle of a new Oriental faith.

"To borrow one's mental fare from free libraries," says Marie Corelli, "is a dirty habit to begin with. It is rather like picking up eatables dropped by some one else in the road and making one's dinner off another's leavings." But we cannot all afford the personal possession of Marie's voluminous works.

Average salary of professors in colleges, technical schools and universities discovered to be \$2,500. Suggests the existence of more plain living and high thinking than Pastor Wagner gave us credit for. Salary of \$7,000 paid City Magistrate might seem excessive by comparison if it were not for the superior quality of their side-remarks from the bench on all topics of human interest.

Statement by eminent medical authority that "the average athlete's arteries are older than those of the average healthy man who is not an athlete." Which means that "regular but excessive exercise of the muscles" hastens the approach of old age by making drafts on the reserve strength and wearing out the system. The more the doctors have to say about rational living the more its secret seems to lie in the common sense adage of the ancients: "Nothing too much."

There was a young man in Tangier  
Who called to the waiter: "Look  
hier!  
I just wish to say  
I don't like the way  
You are piling the foam on my  
bier." —Houston Post.

Regarding doctors, a Milwaukee M. D. says they are growing poorer because of the increased healthfulness of the nation. Average duration of life has lengthened four years within the past decade, he says, with the result of an annual saving of doctors' bills to the amount of \$30,000,000 yearly. And this during ten years of unexampled industry in the discovery of new diseases and disease germs!

Twelve-minute verdict in a Long Island City murder trial presses the thirteen-minute divorce decision close for the record.

Said by the Clear and Tobacco World that the "ever-conquering cigarette" has now beaten the pipe and the cigar in Germany, after a struggle for supremacy which has gone on for years. Something of a David and Goliath contest if the coffin-nail has ousted the German smoker as associated. Invasion of India by the American cigarette is said to be complete. Used in the Japanese army and evidence that its insidious influence is felt throughout the Orient. War of Western legislatures for its suppression assumes a new interest in view of its world-wide use.

Faces of two women out and their clothes torn in a Lexington avenue car pile. Some grade of mischievous chivalry there as in other places where crowds gather. Edifying exhibition of it in the Bridge subway station during the afternoon rush hour.

Discovery within a week that a photographer in Mooresville, N. C., supposed to be a man, is a girl who has masqueraded in male attire for years, and in Genoa that a woman artist, recently deceased there, had successfully masked her sex by the aid of luxurious side-whiskers. Historical instances of such impersonations are sufficiently numerous to fill a book. Their existence in everyday life points to a skill in amateur make-up which the professional actor has occasion to envy.

Copy-Reader—In this railway horror two cars collided and telescoped. How shall I put that in one word for a headline?

News Editor—Why not say "collided-telescoped"? —Cleveland Leader.

Man who comes out of a madhouse same after twelve years' incarceration has established his mental soundness beyond question.

A Good Picture.

A YOUNG man in a neighboring town started in the lively business a few weeks ago, and the first thing he did was to have a sign painted representing himself holding a mule by the bridle. He was particularly proud of this stroke of business enterprise, and asked of his wife: "Is that not a good likeness of me?" "Yes," she replied, "a perfect picture of you; but who is the fellow holding the bridle?"

## "There Is Always Trouble When I Travel."

By J. Campbell Cory.

—Kaiser Wilhelm.

